

FISCAL FRENZY.

As I let my spirit wander retrospectively and ponder
On the problems and the marvels of our age,
From the misty past uprising certain incidents surprising
My amazement in particular engage.

I have known a hansom cabby (though he was extremely
shabby)

To refuse a more than statutory fare.

I have seen two Russian poodles in the billiard-room at
BOODLE'S

With wreaths of orange-blossoms in their hair.

I have watched a Shetland pony chewing strings of macaroni;
I have heard a Bishop sing a comic song;

I have seen a Judge endeavour—O it was a joy for ever—
To acquire a back-hand service at ping-pong.

I have seen a Bond Street tailor motor-biking in a trailer;

I have seen an Archimandrite with the mumps;

I have heard Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, as he munched a Norfolk
biffin,

Expiate upon the phrase, "She bumps."

These incidents were serious, but they were not deleterious
To the calmness and composure of my soul;
For though certainly erratic they were hardly symptomatic
Of the ruin of the nation's self-control.

But when sober evening papers in their preferential capers
Take to quoting MILTON's *Lycidas* on JOE! *

Well, one feels that things are tending to the cataclysmic
ending

That involves the Empire's utter overthrow.

For, until the recent crisis cut the Unionists to slices
And dislodged the weary wobbler from his fence,
I have never seen my fellows ply exaggeration's bellows
To a climax of inflation so intense.

Such emotion Corybantic, so fanatical and frantic,
Fills my bosom with unutterable pain;
So I'm off to far Glengariff, where, remote from tax and
tariff,

I shall rusticate till editors grow sane.

* See leading article in *St. James's Gazette*, September 18.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DAILY FEMALE.

SPECIAL features will include daily Fashion Forecast (to be read before dressing); "Hats' hour by hour," and "The movement in Crinolines"; Shopping Notes (by wire and telephone) dealing with sales and "remnant" days; "Man's Realm;" "The Nursery" (by the Football Editor); "Beauty Competition" (decision of the Fighting Editor final); "Snips about Servants"; and Agony Column (husbands lost and found, umbrellas stolen, etc., etc.).

There will be signed articles on "South Africa as a Field for Decayed Spinners," "India as a Last Resource," "Australian Test Matches" (brought about through our matrimonial column), and "The Fistic Problem—Should Women Box?"

There will be verbatim reports of all *causes célèbres*.

The "Behind the Grille" column will contain "Last night's Orchids," "Dresses at the Full-dress Debate," and a "special" on "Eligible Bachelors in the House," with incomes and favourite vices.

SPECIMEN WIRE FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Constantinople, Tuesday.—The sun dreadful; my complexion ruined. Hospital Ball immense success, deficit only £53. Been flirting with Colonel of Bashi-Bazouks—(passage erased by censor) Lord Gus (attached to Turkish



Uncle. "WELL, BOBBIE, I HEAR YOU'RE LEARNING TO SWIM."

Bobbie. "YES, SO ARE YOU, AIN'T YOU, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "NO, MY LAD. WHY?"

Bobbie. "OH, I HEARD FATHER SAY YESTERDAY THAT YOU HAD A HARD JOB TO KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER!"

Staff) in hospital here—such a dear; says "the women are splendid," but deplores insufficient supply Polo ponies and playing cards. Circulation of *Daily Female* much commented on.

P.S.—Awful battle somewhere between Turks and somebody. Thousands of Russians massacred—no, mean Macedonians. My new parasol a dream. Did not accompany column; General speaks of "plague of women correspondents" (!) Yours ever, LADY PUSSIE.

The paper folded makes a baby's bib, unfolded a pretty counterpane, and can be torn into ten full-sized handkerchiefs.

Being exclusively for women, it should have enormous circulation among men.

TO MY AIRSHIP.

[The Poet is being piloted on his aerial flight by a prosaic mechanician. It is to the latter that the interpolations are due.]

Thou elfin Puck, thou child of master mind!

(Look out! the ballast's slipping off behind.)

Thou swanlike Siren of the blue sublime!

(Screw up that nut, and never mind the rhyme.)

Thine 'tis to fathom Æther's highest pole!

(This wind will fairly get us in a hole.)

Thine to explore the azure-vaulted dome!

(I wonder how the deuce we're going home.)

Up, up, thou speedest, flaunting, flaunting high,

Thy glist'ring frame emblazon'd 'gainst the sky;

And myriad-minded fancies still pursue

Thy gliding—(Blow! the anchor's fouled the screw !)

Thou stormy petrel, kissing heaven's height,

(Petrol! The rotten stuff declines to light)

Onward thou soarest o'er the City's dust,

Shimmering, triumphant. (Gad! The motor's bust !)

THE GRASS WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

[Dame ARTHURLA, châtelaine of Castel Cabinet, bids godspeed to her better half, the good knight Sir JOSEPH, who is cutting domestic ties and starting as a lonely free lance on his unofficial crusade.]

AND is it fixed that we should part,
And must you really, really go?
Why, then, let courage steel my heart
To bear the stupefying blow;
Since Honour bids you seek the battle's press,
What can a woman do but acquiesce?

I would that I might share the shock,
And partially relieve your pains.
Myself I boast a fighting stock,
And BURLEIGH's blood imbues my veins;
Concealed below an outward lack of nerve
I have a fund of Amazonian verve.

But, though my nature calls to arms,
My duty clearly lies at home;
I may not risk the rude alarms
That surely wait you where you roam;
Your mission keeps you moving; it is cursory;
While mine is straitly bounded by the nursery.

Our restive children claim my care,
And I must mould their plastic limbs,
And teach them tales of what is fair,
And how to hum protective hymns;
Or, should I find their conduct very rank,
Mildly administer the lumbar spank.

There's little DERRY—he must pay
Closer attention to his books;
There's LANNY, so inclined to play
In lesson-hours with fishing-hooks;
And darling DOOKY—I could often weep
To see how constantly he falls asleep.

Thank Heaven that AUSTEN, splendid boy
(Your speaking image), stays behind,
For he should prove a lasting joy,
Bringing your features back to mind;
Dear fellow! how he fumed to join the fray,
Yet nobly undertook to stop away!

Go, then, my JOSEPH; have no fears;
Glory and Glasgow call you hence;
And, though the war goes on for years
(No doubt entailing much expense),
Still in my heart, unalterably true,
A warmish corner shall be kept for you.

Here is your shield! Come back with it
In triumph or yourself inside!
And know that I have got the grit
To wait unmoved whate'er betide;
Whether you win or make a howling mess,
Trust me, in any case, to acquiesce. O. S.

A Sad Lapse of Time.

THE Metropolitan District Railway announces that "there is now on Sundays no interval between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M." Up to yesterday the police had heard nothing so far about the missing hours. Meanwhile the journalistic conundrum, "Why don't men go to church?" (or words to that effect) has received an unexpected solution. But to people who breakfast late on Sundays the announcement has been a great shock. Where is their appetite for luncheon to come from?

THE QUICK GRUB STREET CO.

THE QUICK GRUB STREET CO. BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE OPENED AN ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SUPPLY OF LITERATURE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Every Editor should send for our Prices, and compare them with those of other houses.

POETRY DEPARTMENT.

We employ experienced poets for the supply of garden verses, war songs, &c., and undertake to fill any order within twenty-four hours of its reaching us. Our Mr. RHYMEESI will be glad to wait upon parties requiring verse of any description, and, if the matter is at all urgent, to execute the order on the spot.

DRAMA DEPARTMENT.

Actor-Managers before going elsewhere should give us a call. Our plays draw wherever they are presented, even if it is only bricks.

Testimonial.—A Manager writes: "The play you kindly supplied, *The Blue Bloodhound of Bletchley*, is universally admitted to be unlike anything ever produced on the stage."

Musical Comedies (guaranteed absolutely free from plot) supplied on shortest notice.

FICTION DEPARTMENT.

For Society Dialogues we use the very best Duchesses; while a first-class Earl's Daughter is retained for Court and Gala Opera.

For our new line of *vie intime* we employ none but valets and confidential maids, who have to serve an apprenticeship with P.A.P.

THE KAILYARD DEPARTMENT

is always up-to-date, and our Mr. STICKIT will be pleased to call on any editor on receipt of post-card.

N.B.—We guarantee our Scotch Idyll to be absolutely unintelligible to any English reader, and undertake to refund money if it can be proved that such is not the case.

Our Speciality, however, is our *Six-Shilling Shock*, as sold for serial purposes. Editors with papers that won't "go" should ask for one of these. When ordering please state general idea required under one of our recognised sections, as Foreign Office, Police, Mounted Infantry, Cowardice, Rome, &c., &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

Any gentleman wishing to have a biography of himself produced in anticipation of his decease should communicate with us.

The work would, of course, be published with a note to the effect that the writing had been a labour of love; that moreover the subject with his usual modesty had been averse from the idea of biography.

Testimonial.—Sir SUNNY JAMESON writes: "The Life gives great satisfaction. No reference made, however, to my munificent gift of £50 to the Referees' Hospital. This should be remedied in the next edition. The work, however, has been excellently done. You have made me out to be better than even I ever thought myself."

For Love Letters,
For the Elizabethan Vogue,
For every description of Garden Meditations,
GIVE THE QUICK GRUB STREET COMPANY A TRIAL.

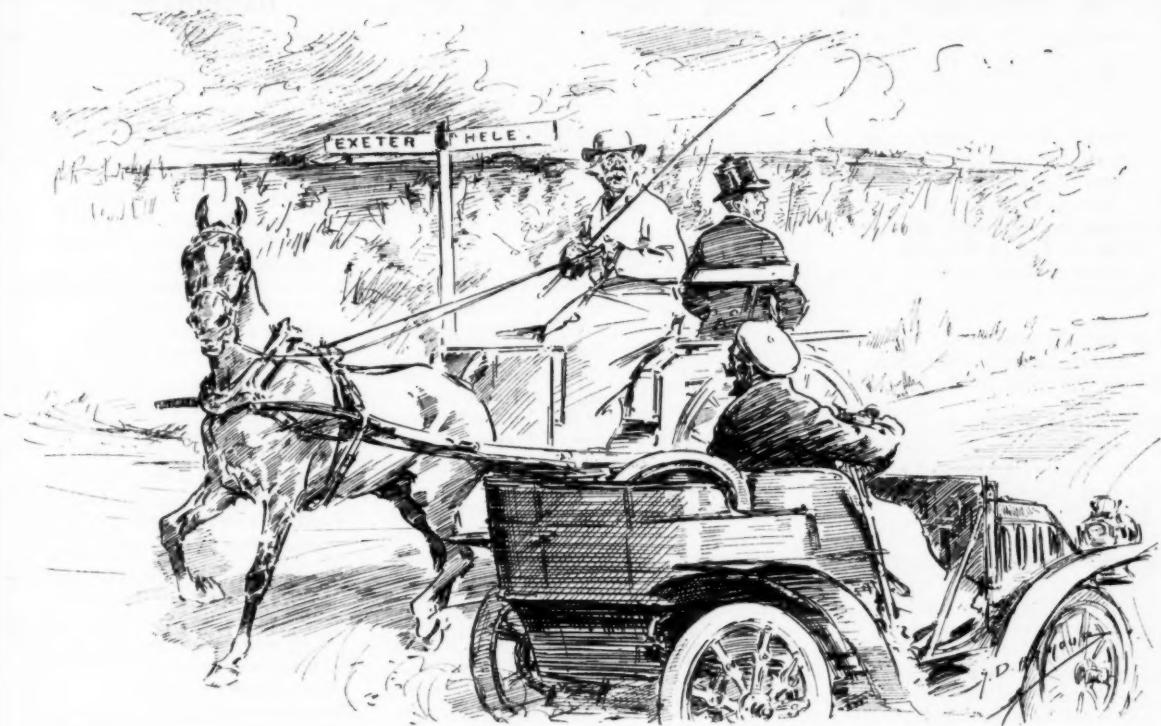
OVERLAND ROUTE FOR IRISH STEAMERS.—"On the up journey the steamer which formerly left Dublin (North Wall) at 10.15 A.M. now sails at 11 o'clock, arriving at Euston at 8.50 P.M."—*The Times*.



JOE THE VENTRILOQUIST.

PROFESSOR CH-MB-RL-N. "YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HE TALKS JUST AS WELL
EVEN WHEN I GO RIGHT AWAY!"





Chauffeur. "PARDON, MONSIEUR. THIS WAY, CONDUCTS SHE STRAIGHT TO HELE?"
Major Chili Pepper (a rabid anti-motorist and slightly deaf). "CERTAINLY IT WILL, SIR, IF YOU CONTINUE TO DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!"

THE WORRY CURE.

(Some Extracts from our Medical Advice Column.)

[The Family Doctor (as quoted in last week's *Westminster Gazette*) says:—"When the symptoms of worry begin to manifest themselves, loosen your garments completely and lie down in the most restful position you can assume. Now close your eyes for a few moments and, raising your arms, let them fall and lie loosely and naturally above your head. Lie thus for a minute or two, and then begin to take deep long breaths, as deeply as possible. Keep this up for five minutes, and you will then feel in a physical condition to take up the mental work you need to do."]

Replies to Various Consultants.

"QUARTER-DAY."—You say that, as September 29 is approaching, and your banking account is overdrawn, you are suffering from one of your periodical fits of depression. The treatment is very simple. When the landlord calls, go into the corner, and stand on your head, letting your arms fall as impossible as possible on the ground by your side. Do not close your eyes, but roll them wildly; gnash your teeth and utter blood-curdling groans, while your breathing apparatus works ninety to the minute. Twist your legs into knots, and let your balance take care of itself. This will have the effect of staving off your unwelcome visitor for a while; or,

at any rate, you stand a good chance of being removed to an establishment where the attendants will relieve you of all further worries.

"YOUNG HOUSEWIFE."—When next the cook is impertinent, or the meat goes bad, or things go wrong in the wash and with the housekeeping generally, proceed as follows: Take all hairpins out of your back-hair, put on a *peignoir*, lie down on a fairly soft rug, face upwards, and drum violently with your heels for ten minutes by the clock. This will create a complete diversion in the household, and matters will rearrange themselves astonishingly. After a few repetitions you will find that you have no staff left to worry you. You will also be so busy with the baby and other etceteras that there will be no opportunity for moody reflections.

"FIANCEE."—My dear girl, never mind about the colour of your nose, and don't be upset because he did not write to you twice yesterday. Follow this régime: Recline in the easiest chair you can find, interlace the four fingers of your right hand with the corresponding digits of the left hand, and (for seven and a-half minutes exactly) rotate the two thumbs with great rapidity and regularity round each other. This will entirely correct your faulty circulation,

and also deflect the current of your thoughts into less gloomy channels. Persist in the process at intervals until cured, or until the postman comes.

"HARASSED AUTHOR"—You find yourself "written out," or, when a fleeting idea does illuminate your brain, it is immediately dissipated by the pianos, barrel-organs and live stock in your vicinity. I fear your case is hopeless; you might, however, repair to the Green Park if the weather is sufficiently fine, and take a lesson in repose from the different "Out-of-works" whose recumbent forms are dotted over that romantic landscape. Lie down and remove your boots, placing them under your head, unbutton your collar (should you have one on), tilt your billycock over your face, and wink forty times in succession; you will then probably be visited by an *al fresco* day-dream (combined with twinges of rheumatism), or else a peripatetic sheep and other pastoral adventures will arrive to distract you from your anxieties and enrol you on Mr. Punch's list of "cures."

THE *St. James's Gazette* speaks of the DISRAELI of MR. MEYNELL'S *Unconventional Biography* as "an apocryphal Dizzy." In fact a BENJAMIN TROVATO DISRAELI.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

[According to the *Picture Post-card and Collectors' Chronicle*, one of the most encouraging signs of the times is the number of publications which devote articles and notes to appreciations of current post-cards.]

O ENGLAND, O my country, how
The dismal croakers rave!
Thy little day is done, they vow ;
Thy glory is departed ; thou
Art standing, England, even now
With one foot in the grave ;
The sweat of death is on thy brow,
Death's wings above thee wave.

Now that thy summer-time is o'er,
Commerce prepares her flight ;
The trades that built their nests of
yore
About thy hospitable door
Seek swallow-like a sunnier shore,
They flee the Arctic night
That is to plunge thee evermore
In black and fatal blight.

Thy schools are out of date and dead,
Their systems old and stale.
Decrepit Isis hides his head,
Whilst Camus in his sedgy bed
Babbles of glories long since fled
That can no more avail,
For now the cry is all instead
Charlottenburg and Yale.

Not only do we starve the mind ;
The boding croakers frown,
Declaring, if we will be blind,
Our inner man can scarce be lined,
For prices must go up, we'll find,
While wages must go down,
And we shall have to be resigned
To bread at half-a-crown.

Yet though I see the abhorred shears
Uplifted to thy doom,
Though I behold thee, 'mid the sneers
Of two progressive hemispheres,
Sinking beneath the load of years
To thy dishonoured tomb,
One ray of sunlight still appears
Amid the darkling gloom.

Is it that "tradesmen do not cheat ?"
That from the baker's door
Comes naught but purest English
wheat ?
Or is it hope that we may eat
DICK SEDDON's "preferential meat"
Still cheaper than before ?
Or does CARNEGIE, grown discreet,
Dump libraries no more ?

No, 'tis not here one may descry
The hope that springs so fair.
But picture post-cards—while men buy
These works of art and bid them fly,
Wafting a plentiful supply
Of culture everywhere,
O, England, of thy future I
At least will not despair.

THE TOWN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

September 30.—To-day we may search in vain at the poulters for English pheasants : but they are there all the same, and ready for eating too, although the poulters does not produce them until to-morrow. Where do they come from ? Ah, where ? Dark as are Nature's secrets, the secrets of man are often darker still.

October 1.—To-day, if it is wet, policemen on fixed-point duty will be seen in their waterproof suitings. Mud is thereby kept from soiling their ordinary garb of deep blue. Outside public-houses you may hear street singers at work, and note that the song is not confined to the males. Even if the day be fine you cannot fail to observe that fewer niggers than usual are about. Do niggers migrate ?

October 2.—To-day listeners with sharp ears will note the early morning call of the milkman on his rounds, "Milk-O ! Milk-O !" mingling pleasantly with the jingling of his cans as he sets them down to pour out a pint or quart of the snowy beverage. The falling leaves in the parks tell us that the season is changing. "Are the seasons changing?" asks the *Westminster Gazette*.

October 3.—The tiny pink-breasted bullfinch is beginning to perch in great numbers upon the ladies' hats. He is quite dead, and there are wires where his bones should be, but how gay a figure he cuts ! Not all are English, for such is the demand that foreign countries are being ransacked for the little feathered fellows. Perhaps our own bullfinches can recognise that these others have an alien air. Who knows ? Man and journalistic woman have not all the intelligence.

October 4.—To the red letter-boxes all over the busy metropolis will go to-day, whether the sun shines or not, numberless persons carrying letters which will be projected down the open throat of these receptive objects. Some of the missives will have light green stamps, others a pale red ; some will be open at the ends according to the regulations, others closed. Some will have no stamps at all, and dire will be the sounds of woe when they are handed in at their destinations.

The New Play at Wyndham's.

AIR—"Mary, Mary."

"'LITTLE MARY,'

Light and airy,

How did your slimness grow ?"

"Patent dodge ;

I ceased to stodge

On three dinners all of a row ! "

HANDICAPPED.

[" In one of his essays Mr. BIRRELL, in comparing the influence of the poet of the present day with that of singers of the past, points out that the small hold which the contemporary poet has on the general reader may largely be attributed to the fact that his works, as compared with those of his classical predecessor, are usually 'deadly dear.' " —*Westminster Gazette*.]

I OFTEN used to wonder why,
When poets who were dead
Sold in their hundred thousands, I
Remained unbought, unread.
My slim green volumes on the shelf
Invited one to try them,
Yet not a soul except myself
Was ever known to buy them.

Oft would I take my tomes in hand,
And read with wondering mind ;
My eyes would moisten as I scanned
The fancies there enshrined ;
And as I conned them, evermore
The thought oppressed me : why do
No others love to linger o'er
These gems of mine as I do ?

Love, sorrow, laughter, grief and care,
Each movement of the heart,
I found that I had voiced them there
With all a poet's art.
For every turn and twist of fate
Quotations I provided—
Then why could none appreciate
My excellence as I did ?

Although I sang despair and hope,
All that a poet may,
Men still continued quoting POPE,
SCOTT, BYRON, WORDSWORTH, GRAY.
To SHAKESPEARE many and many a page
Of BARTLETT was devoted :
How was it that my noble rage
Was never, never quoted ?

Oft, as I lingered o'er a line,
My spirit could not choose
But pause while I contrasted mine
With MILTON's classic muse ;
And as a quite impartial man,
Unbiased in the matter,
I found my judgment never ran
In favour of the latter.

Why, then, did MILTON sell, while I
Remained "remainder" so ?
For years I puzzled o'er the why,
But now at last I know.
It is not merit which can fix
One's place in letters. No, it
Is simply price. I'm four-and-six,
While he's a "penny poet."

THE *Westminster Gazette*, describing some recent motor efficiency trials, said : "In the Westerham Hill climb there was a rise of 3,175 feet in 3,228 feet." This is surely too steep a story. Is the *Westminster* trying to get a rise out of its faithful readers ? Has not the Government sufficiently shattered the country's confidence ?

THE POST-PAR-DEPORTMENT
SPECIALIST.

I THREW down my paper with a gesture of disgust.

" You find it uninteresting ? " asked my fellow traveller.

" There's not a word of truth in it," I exclaimed. " Why, I know personally nearly all the people mentioned in these paragraphs, and everything said about them is a pack of lies ! "

" You're a month too soon," said my companion. " Everybody is who reads those par papers. But then you want news, not truth."

" Why, they'd be stale in a month," I said.

" Stale, yes; but true. Let me explain," he added, seeing my look of mystification. " In a month's time the celebrities mentioned there will, if they are brisk, have learned to do some of the things they are credited with. That is where I come in."

" Where you come in ? "

" Yes. I am what is called a Post-Par-Deportment Specialist. When a celebrity reads some minute detail of his daily life that he fails entirely to recognise, he writes—frequently wires—to me. Let me give you an instance. You've heard a good deal of late about Bulgarian novelists. They are partly my invention."

" Your invention ? "

" Yes. A well-known literary man was interviewed one day, and the published report stated that he had the names of all the novelists of Bulgaria at the tip of his tongue. There was at that time no such thing as a Bulgarian novelist. The interviewer, by a flash of inspiration, had put it in because he was unable to understand something that was said. The man of letters wired to me asking how he was to get out of it. I wired back, 'Don't. There's money in it.' Am posting list of Bulgarian novelists.' I then sent him a string of words taken at random from dictionaries of Volapuk and Esperanto, and not only was his fortune made, but scores of younger writers have crept into fame by publishing their own verses as translations from the Bulgarian."

" Did you ever find out what he really said to the interviewer ? " I asked.

" Nothing at all. He was suffering from influenza, and trying to suppress a volley of sneezes. That was one of my big successes. I began, of course in a small way, by teaching celebrities the 'graceful smile,' the 'far-away look,' the 'majestic carriage,' the 'rapt expression,' the thousand-and-one things that they were labelled with and never possessed.

" I gradually extended the business and got on to greater things. There



AT A LADIES' CLUB.

'Guest (who rather fancies himself as a fascinator). "But although you are all known as MEN-HATERS aren't there now and again occasions when you find it very hard to live up to your reputation ?"

was GUY BOOTHBY'S Phonomotograph. He frequently dictates a complete book in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. A novel in two hours ! Not bad, eh ? That is my doing. I made him live up to the parts about him. But, bless you, I could give you hundreds of examples. Celebrities are just as celebrated as I choose to make them."

" Had any failures ? "

" Well, I'm not always successful. There was one case—this is for your very private ear. You may recollect, some months back, it was announced that there would be great crowds to welcome Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on his return from Africa. He heard of it and wired

me (as I learned afterwards) thus : ' Do what you can. Every seat sold to the public is a vote given to the Conservative Party.' Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is unfortunate with his telegrams. By some such slight error as often arose before Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN got into the Post Office, the telegram reached me thus, ' Prepare new Fiscal scheme.' Well, I prepared one, and you know what happened."

" Then you mean to tell me that there's absolutely nothing at the bottom of this Free Trade scare ? " I gasped ; " that it is in fact a groundless fiction ? "

" After all," he replied, " history is merely fiction grown to maturity."

TO A CAGED LION AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THOU, whom the craft of evil men
Has prisoned in a narrow den,

The brutes' dishevelled lord,
Who sit'st, in thine imperial woe,
So royally morose, and so

Majestically bored,

Why grievest thou? Dost dream perchance,

Of derring-do or fond romance

Back in the golden days,
When thou didst truculently win

LEONA of the tawny skin,

And horrifying gaze?

Ay, those were times! Hilarious fights,
Wild sport, and pastoral delights—

A life without a care

Save, ever and anon, to quaff
The brook, or crunch the high giraffe

That formed thy staple fare.

Dost thou recall thy shattered reign?
The grandeur of the broad domain

Whose peoples groaned beneath

One that upheld the jungle's law
With stern, inexorable paw,

Accompanied by teeth?

Then man appeared; and, big with doom,
Came sneaking darkly through the gloom,

And took thee in a lure;

What of the grim LEONA now?

Bagged, I expect. And what art thou?
A shilling Cynosure.

Thou dinest on the dismal horse;
Not much, and what there is, is coarse;

While daily, round thy cage,
Children, whose fatted charms confess

Their lamentable toothsome ness,

Inspire thy hungry rage.

And better 'twere that thou hadst died;
Better that men had stripped thy hide,

And made thereof a mat;

For, most unkindest cut of all,
They mock thee in thine utter fall

By calling thee a Cat! DUM-DUM.

FOURTH QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

OCTOBER.

HUNDREDS of fish will be caught this month, and a great many will be sent to London, where they will be sold. A prospectus or two may appear about now. Subscribers will also be sold.

Rumours that the Vauxhall Bridge is to be put in hand will be speedily denied, and the equally absurd idea that the Victoria Memorial is at last to be completed, will be dispelled. Weather of infinite variety.

NOVEMBER.

A portion of asphalt paving will be repaired in London, and a large crowd will look on all day with every appearance of interest. YOUNG MOORE

thinks this is a sign of our continued prosperity, that so many people have nothing to do, and is a complete answer to the Bogey of American invasion.

The Prophet is pleased to say that for a change the weather will suit everybody's taste, wet one day, fine the next, sun, snow, and fog—in fact "Varied."

DECEMBER.

YOUNG MOORE is confident in predicting that *Punch's Almanack* will be better than ever, and as nothing else of paramount importance happens this month he begs to take leave of his readers, feeling sure that his prophecies are as good as most, and better than many. Weather for this month will be as varied as the last, only more so.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(*Mr. Punch's Own Collection.*)

THE two hitherto unpublished poems of WORDSWORTH which we were able to print last week have naturally excited great interest in the literary world. It was, of course, inevitable that doubts should be cast on their genuineness in some quarters, but on the whole these have been few and unimportant. Mr. CHURTON COLLINS (in the *Saturday Review*) pens a fiery denunciation of them as an impudent imposture which will take in nobody unless it be Professor SAINTSBURY or Mr. EDMUND GOSSE. The *Athenaeum*, on the other hand, is convinced that they are the authentic work of the poet. The *Spectator* takes a middle course, and remarks in an Editorial note that, "while their genuineness must not be taken for granted without further investigation, there seems every ground for believing that we have here the actual work of WORDSWORTH. At the same time we must bear in mind the possibility of error in such matters, and, should evidence subsequently be forthcoming of their spuriousness, we must be prepared to give that evidence its due weight."

With this helpful pronouncement we leave the controversy on the subject of the two WORDSWORTH poems and set before our readers another interesting "find," namely, a notable fragment of TENNYSON. Nostudent of "In Memoriam" will fail to notice its truly Tennysonian character. Indeed, some critics have declared that they can fix upon the actual point in the poem from which this passage somehow dropped out. But as the stanzas of "In Memoriam" seem generally to follow one another more or less at random this appears doubtful:

LXVI.

The Spring is here; the daffodils
Peep thro' the grass beside the roads,
The shooting bracken inconveniences
The cattle on a thousand hills.

Once more the thrush with feverish zest
Recalls the worm of other days;
Once more the wandering cuckoo lays
Her egg in someone else's nest.

And, gazing o'er the fruitful plain,
My bosom half forgets its woe;
Till something—what, I do not know—
Makes me begin to weep again.

LXVII.

When pondering much of 'how' and 'why'

And lost in philosophic lore,
The thought that two and two are four

Consoles me in my agony.

The sun sinks ever in the West
And ever rises in the East,
I feel that this is sure at least,
And cannot doubt but it is best.

Yet if the sun should change his mind,
Or take his course some other way,
Till no astronomer could say
Where he would turn up next, resigned

To any change that I might see—
Or seeming change—in Nature's laws,
I should be sure it had a cause,
And that would be enough for me!

Mrs. BROWNING is a poet whose work is just now perhaps rather unduly neglected, but a hitherto unpublished fragment from her pen should still be welcome. Though it has been shown to many critics, nobody has yet discovered what it is about. Mrs. Browning's habit of dragging in all the gods of Hellas by name on the most inappropriate occasions rendering this often a difficult task in her case. But no one has ventured to deny the intrinsic beauty of the stanzas, while the appalling character of the rhymes is fatally characteristic of the writer:—

Aphrodite, pale with weeping,
Will not hearken to our call,

Zeus is either dead or sleeping,

Homer nods (as usual!)

Deep among the Asphodel

Hera is asleep as well,

And they heed us not at all.

From his sacred shrine in Delos

Doth Apollo speak no more,

Or his oracles might tell us

Things we never heard before.

Ototoi, Olympians!

Ye are fallen from your thrones!

As the old Greek cried of yore.

Shall your poet's cries not ruffle

Your divine tranquillity,

Though the rhymes are simply awful,

And the meaning's all my eye?

Bacchus shakes his heavy head

(He is drunk as well as dead!)

And none other makes reply.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

Now it happened that on a certain morning quite early the Sun-child was walking along a street in a large town. The Sun had already risen, for it was summer-time, but the blinds were down before most of the windows, and there was little life stirring in the street itself—only an occasional cart was rumbling along, making a great clatter all to itself, as the early morning carts do, and now and again a few working men hurried along, smoking their pipes, with their bags slung over their shoulders. Presently, as the Sun-child walked, he saw in a dark corner something that looked like a bundle of rags, but, as he came nearer, he was aware that it was a dog, a black retriever dog, with a coat that may once have been smooth and beautiful, but was now dusty and untidy. The dog was lying down, but he was not asleep. His mouth was open and his hot dry tongue was lolling out, and he was panting. And, as the Sun-child approached, he raised himself and limped pitifully across the pavement and into the middle of the street, and looked with startled, anxious, despairing eyes first in one direction and then in another, and ran a little way, tired as he was, and then ran back again and stood, the picture of hopeless misery. So the Sun-child knew that this was a dog upon whom had come the bitterest sorrow that can befall a dog, for he had lost his master, and light and joy had gone out of his life. And in truth this dog, who was a noble and affectionate creature, the beloved favourite of his home, and his master's dear companion, both in town and in the country, had on the previous afternoon, while his master was walking with him, stayed behind for a few moments of conversation with a Dandie Dinmont of his acquaintance, and lo, when the little chat was over, his master had disappeared. They were in a strange neighbourhood, and all that afternoon and through the night the dog had sought his master in vain, until at last he had lain down where the Sun-child first saw him.

As the dog still stood in the street, disconsolate and abject, a policeman appeared, treading sedately on his beat and pausing now and then as policemen on duty do. And, as he came along, he saw the dog, and at that moment the Sun-child fixed his eyes on the policeman and the policeman whistled to the lost and wretched animal. At the sound Rover pricked his ears. Surely, he thought, that is my own master's whistle, and his heart leaped within him, and he crawled to the policeman and sank at his feet.

"Ah," said the policeman, "a lost 'un and no collar on. I wonder where he came from. Poor old chap," he went on, addressing Rover, "poor old chap, you've had a bit of a doing, I can see that," and he bent down and patted him kindly, for though he was a guardian of the law his heart was soft and he loved dogs. Still duty was duty, and he was bound to take Rover to the station-house as a vagrant, and after that Rover's fate was uncertain.

But while the policeman still stooped and patted and Rover licked the kind hand, a house-door was flung open and a neat servant-maid stepped out, and inhaled the fresh morning air. She saw the group at the edge of the pavement—at least she saw the stooping policeman—and her curiosity was aroused:

"Why, whatever have you got there?" she said.

"It's a lost dog," answered the policeman, "and he's pretty near through. A handsome dog he is too."

The servant-maid came down the steps and looked at Rover.

"Why," she said, "if that isn't—but it can't be—yes it is—it's the moral of Rover at any rate—Rover, Rover," she called to the crouching animal.



"CARRY YOUR TRUNK, SIR?"

Then Rover looked up and he saw a friend, and in a moment his weariness was forgotten and he sprang up and placed his dusty paws on the maid's clean print frock, and then he bounded round her and finally he raised his head and barked for joy, and when he had done that he rolled over on his back and stretched his four paws in the air, which was his way of showing deep peace and contentment.

"Seems to know you, Miss," said the policeman.

"Well, he ought to," she replied. "He's Mr. HARRISON'S Rover; he used often to come to my last place, and many's the bit of cake he's had from me. But what brought him here is more than I can say. I'll take him in and give him water downstairs, and you can let Mr. HARRISON know where to find him."

She gave him the address, and the policeman walked off, while Rover, a changed being, was taken below and refreshed and made much of. And the Sun-child walked on very happily.

(To be continued.)

A Philanthropic Pig.

The following passage is taken from an article in the *Belfast News Letter* on KATHARINE TYNAN'S *Horace Plunkett and his Work*:

"Dealing with Sir HORACE's relations with the Irish peasantry, the writer says: His sympathy for the people places him on the level of the simplest peasant. . . . He may be found . . . tramping day after day from one wretched collection of cabins to another, stooping to enter at their low doors into the dense reek of turf smoke, sitting there among the hens and the children, while the pig, if the family be rich enough to possess one, wanders in and out of his own sweet will, encouraging, advising, striving to give hope where there was only apathy and despair!"

SCENE.—Leeds City Square. Statue of the Black Prince about to be unveiled.

Indignant Yorkshireman (jealous of Ranji's County). A'm fair capped why they didn't have STANLEY JACKSON, and him a Leeds man!

The *Dublin Daily Express* reports the presence of Royalty at a cricket match at Balmoral. But although one of the teams was drawn from the Black Watch guard of honour that is no excuse for heading the paragraph, "The King in Scotland," even if there was a "sweep" on the top scorer.

**TAKING NO RISKS.**

Nervous Passenger (on her first voyage). "I KNOW I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP IN THIS LIFE-BELT!"

CHARIVARIA.

A RUSSIAN officer has killed a Jew for refusing to give him a match. It is rumoured that, in spite of his high rank, he is to be reprimanded.

It appears that ABDUL has at last consented to have the Austro-Russian scheme of reform carried out in those parts of Macedonia where he has exterminated the population.

President ROOSEVELT has justified his description as the most all-round man

in existence by showing a bold back as well as a bold front to his enemies. When on a visit to Ellis Island, a gust of wind blew his coat-tails aside and revealed a revolver.

There has been a sensational fall in the stock of the Steel Trust, and several of the directors are said to be hard hit. But it is thought unlikely that a Mansion House Fund will be started to help them.

A gentleman has written to the Press to point out that "Our American cousins

have defeated a *Thistle* and a *Shamrock*, but they have never had an opportunity of trying conclusions with our beautiful *English Rose*." Why not re-name *Shamrock III.* the *Rose*, and run the race over again?

Major-General Sir CHARLES EGERTON, who is conducting operations in Somaliland, has been appointed to the command of the forces in Bombay. The General still hopes to be able to run over to Somaliland every Friday to Monday to look after the War.

A certain Passive Resister, in his "oration" to the Highgate bench, stated that he had come all the way from Italy on purpose to enjoy the privilege of publicly protesting. It is under consideration whether such persons should not be charged an increased gas-rate.

It is said that the Servant Difficulty is gradually being solved by the introduction of foreigners. We learn from an article on the subject that "The men servants are more amenable than the female. They do not object to undertaking a little washing." This certainly disposes, partially, of a great objection to the alien.

Several illustrated papers which not so long ago published a portrait of the Secretary of State for the Colonies now issue a portrait of the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies. There is an extraordinary likeness between them.

A well-known meat extract company are offering enlargements of any photograph free of charge in exchange for coupons from their bottles. It is anticipated that the original photograph will be returned with the inscription, "Before taking your extract I was this size," while on the enlargement will be written, "Now I am this."

Owing to the misunderstanding with Mr. BOURCHIER there has been no notice in the *Times* of the new play at the Garrick Theatre. It will be interesting to see whether the *Times* will break *The Golden Silence*.

Our summer may now be said to be at an end. Again we have had no skating.

THE VERY LATEST RESIGNATION!!

—That of the public to the changes in the Cabinet.

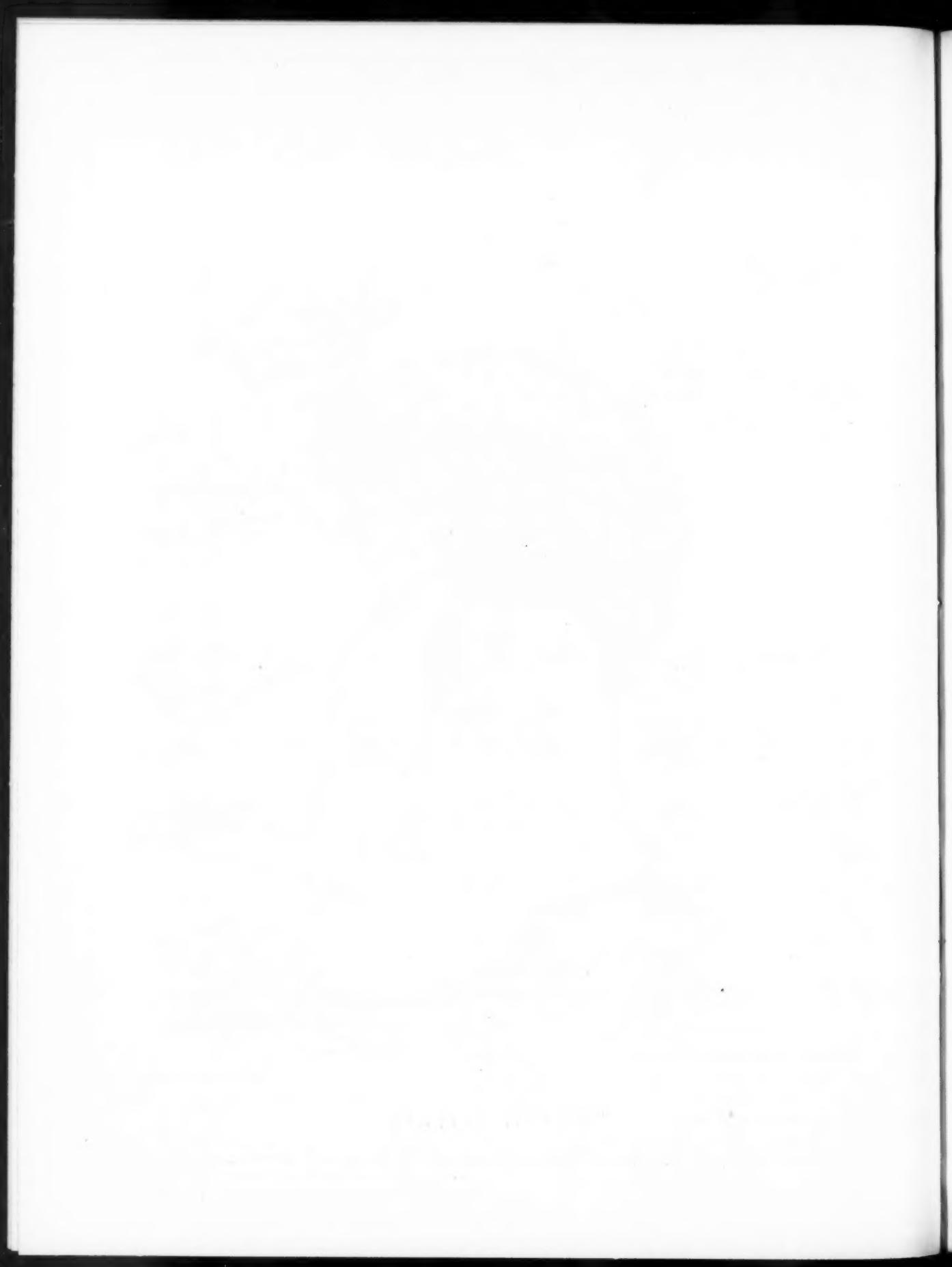
A Fine Old Chestnut.

LOST, between Castle and Station, Cherry-headed Gent's Umbrella.—Advert. in the "Stirling Sentinel" of Sept. 22.



TAKING COVER.

** NOTE.—“This silly bird on the approach of trouble hides its head in the sand and imagines it will escape notice, but—”
Natural History Primer. Article—“Ostrich.”



CHEZ LE COIFFEUR.

THE village of St. Sauveur-les-Bains, in the Hautes Pyrénées, can boast in the season of a hairdresser. He comes from Nice in the summer-time, and installs himself in a wooden *baraque* much frequented by wasps and flies. In this respect it is no worse than any other building in St. Sauveur. However it must be admitted that these Pyrenean wasps are perfectly gentle and inoffensive; they never sting anyone. In a very short time the visitor disregards them, even if they are crawling on his hand or hovering round his nose. The flies are infinitely more irritating.

After déjeuner one roasting day, when the "vent d'Espagne" was blowing strongly, I betook myself to the barber's shed. It was closed. I looked inside; it was empty. I inquired the whereabouts of the barber from his wife, who makes hats in an adjoining *baraque*. "Il est allé à la pêche," said she tranquilly. "Et il reviendra—?" said I. "Oh, vers les sept heures," she replied, still more tranquilly. There was no more to be said, and the scorching south wind blew me back to the hotel.

It was, however, intolerable that one could only have one's hair cut at times to suit an idle, piscatorial Niçois. There must certainly be a hairdresser at Luz, lower down the valley, where the little electric railway ends. The people of the hotel assure me that there is one, and that he is not likely to have gone fishing. In view of the heat I should be tempted to drive to Luz, if I were not at St. Sauveur. There can be no place more adapted to encourage pedestrianism, for all the inhabitants worry one to go driving. The *épicier*, who also keeps a circulating library and sells picture post-cards, announces that he has carriages on hire, and even the washerwoman, when she brings back my collars, asks anxiously, "Est-ce que Monsieur désire une voiture?" So, just to spite them all, I walk along the hot, dusty road to Luz.

In the hottest and dustiest part of the little town I find the hairdresser. He is opposite the Hôtel de l'Univers. What a grandiose name is that French sign, which almost always adorns a modest

inn! The Hotel of the Universe is usually quite insignificant.

The hair-dressing establishment of Luz is in a wooden shed, baking in the sunshine, but it is trim and neat inside. I look in at the door, and the little proprietor, a perfect type of *coiffeur*, with his black hair curled outwards at each side of his head and upwards at the top—I am sure his Christian name must be ISIDORE—bows me to a chair.

note to the obsequious *coiffeur*, who hastens out to get change. With the flies swarming round us, we three wait. Another would-be customer looks in. But when he sees us, and the flies, and no barber, he wisely retires.

At last, breathless, ISIDORE returns, counts out gold and silver into the customer's hand, bows him out, and with more bows installs the fat man in the armchair. By this time I am nearly

driven mad by the heat and the flies. At St. Sauveur they can count the flies by thousands; at Luz by millions. I try sitting in the street, but there clouds of dust only add to my misery. With irritating and over-elaborate care the barber snips at that fat red head. I think he has finished the back. Not he! He discovers yet another hair too long. Then the sides and the top demand equal neatness. Finally even he cannot find a hair astray; he has finished, and the flies have nearly finished me. Then the fat man says calmly, "Et la barbe," and it all begins over again. In fact ISIDORE is even more punctilious with the beard. Time after time he withdraws his artist's hand and stands back satisfied, admiring his work, and then suddenly darts forward again to shorten yet another red hair, perhaps one millimètre too long.

If there were any other barber, I would go to him. If I could come another day, I would. If I had not waited for an hour, I would leave my hair uncut for another week. But after so nearly achieving my purpose it would be absurd to give it up. So I continue to sit there, gasping and waving away the flies, and still ISIDORE snips on.

Then some hair-oil, a curl to the moustache with the tongs, a *coup de brosse*, a bow, "merci, Monsieur!" more bows, and the fat man strolls out.

I sink into the armchair, and for half an hour I am at the mercy of ISIDORE and the flies. It is impossible to wave them away now. It is impossible to hurry him. He is as painstaking as ever. At intervals he brushes off a specially persistent fly with his comb. I tell him repeatedly that it is very well, that it is admirable, that it is superb. Though I may be satisfied, he is not. At last I tear myself away,



THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD:

OR, "THE PRIVATEERSMAN ASHORE."

(Adapted with grateful acknowledgments from the picture by
Mr. Howard Pyle, U.S.A.)

"PRIVATEER. n.—A private craft, fully armed, cruising under letters of marque, acting in concert with the supreme authority of the country; the object generally being to annoy the commerce of a hostile nation.—See Dictionary."

The place is full of customers—there are two of them—and of flies. I say I will take a little walk, and return. When I get back I find that yet another customer, a fat man with reddish hair, has arrived. There is no room for me; I stand at the door. The industrious hairdresser at last finishes the first-comer, and deftly shaves the next customer. The red-haired man and I think we shall soon be attended to. But no! The man who has been shaved feels in all his pockets. He has no change. Then he produces a thick pocket-book and hands a hundred-franc

with at least three hairs of the wrong length, thrust into his hand the fee, which he has calculated on the generous scale of Paris itself, and fly—oh, illomened word!—rush off for ever from Luz and its insect pests to the more serene and airy heights, the charming prospect, the fewer flies and the amiable wasps of St. Sauveur.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A VERY SHORT SAIL.

HAULTITE, who sails his own boat, *Nautilus*, and is a really clever amateur yachtsman, met me on the pier at Shrimpton, on the eve of the Town Regatta.

"The very man I want!" he cried, in his rollicking, nautical tones. "There's a race for the little beggars to-morrow, and I've entered my *Nautilus*. Will you sail with me, and act as crew, whilst I take the tiller? All you'll have to do is haul on to any rope I tell you. It's perfectly simple, that, isn't it?"

I agreed. Nothing could be easier.

"That's all right, then. To-morrow, at twelve sharp, be down at the jetty and I'll pull you aboard."

We parted, and for the rest of that day I felt it incumbent on me to walk, or rather, roll, up and down the one street of Shrimpton, with blue serge trousers turned up, hands in jacket pockets, and an eye constantly turned to windward, as though instinctively watching the weather, with a mariner's interest.

We got aboard the *Nautilus* punctually next day. Bunting was gaily flying from all the vessels in the Bay, and the wind-jammers of the town band, stationed on the quay, were already at work, regardless of the human suffering they were causing—let us hope unwittingly. It was a gay scene, and I ventured to say so to HAULTITE.

"What's gay, did you say? The scene? Oh, blow the scene, my dear fellow! Just give me a hand here with all this clutter of ropes, will you? Shove that lot into the locker—no, that's not the locker, that's the cabin."

I apologised, and having stowed the "clutter" indicated took a seat and looked through my glasses at the preparations being made on board our rivals.

"That's a very smart-looking—" I began, when HAULTITE cut me short with:

"Yes, yes. Just get that empty lobster tin and start baling her out, will you?"

I repressed a sigh. Beastly work, baling. Began to wish I hadn't come. No help for it now. Baled till my back ached, and when I left off through sheer exhaustion there was still water in the

bottom to the extent of three or four inches.

"Now then, come and give me a haul on the mainsail!" cries HAULTITE, excitedly.

Do so, and lug at rope till my hands skin.

"We shall get the gun directly!" he cries, looking at his watch.

I glance up, wondering if the "gun" is a new form of disease, when a loud "bang!" from the Committee boat enlightens me.

"Hold your watch and tell me, ten seconds before time's up for the second gun!" says HAULTITE, burning with suppressed passion for the fray.

"But I don't know how long—"

"Five minutes!" he jerks out, his hand on the tiller and his eyes fixed on his six rivals, "jillying" about at the starting-line.

I kept my watch in my hand, counting the seconds, and then I casually announced: "Well, now I think—"

But I never got any further, for a maelstrom of discordant noises, accompanied by personal violence of no mean order, seemed to rush at me from every side at once.

"Bang!" went the starting-gun.

"Break-out-your-foresail!" yelled HAULTITE. "Not that, you idiot! Leggo your main—no, no! Here, catch hold of the tiller. Put her hard up!—no, no! hard up, not hard down—here, by gad, you'll be into the *Dryad*! Leggo your—oh, give it me!"

And with a bound and a yell which would have put to shame a Sioux Indian on the warpath HAULTITE made a wild rush at the tiller, capsizing me completely and tumbling me clean over the lee side into the sea. On swept the boat, and gasping and choking I tried to shout for help, though I assumed, of course, that HAULTITE would manage to get *Nautilus* round quickly enough to rescue me. But I had not reckoned with HAULTITE's yacht-racing enthusiasm. Bobbing up on the top of a cold green wave, I beheld *Nautilus* tearing away in the wake of the other competitors for the "Shrimpton Tradesmen's Cup," and HAULTITE, leaning over the counter, shouted to me:

"Swim to the buoy and hang on there till the race is over. I'll come and pick you up all right, directly afterwards!"

As the race would not terminate for at least two hours I preferred being rescued by a shore boat.

Next morning, on meeting HAULTITE, I tried the "cut direct," but HAULTITE fairly countered me; he said:

"Pretty sort of chap you are, leaving me just as the race was starting. I believe I lost the Cup entirely through that!"

THE CRICKETER IN WINTER.

The days are growing short and cold;
Approaches Autumn, ay and chill Yule:
The latest bowler now has bowled
His latest devastating pillule.

Gone are the creases, gone the "pegs";
The bungling fieldsman now no more
errs

By letting balls go through his legs
And giving batsmen needless fourers.

Things of the past are drive and cut,
With which erstwhile we would
astound men;

The gay pavilion's doors are shut;
The turf is given up to groundmen;
Gone is the beautiful length-ball,

Gone, too, the batsman who would
snick it;

Silent his partner's cheery call.
Football usurps the place of cricket.

Now, as incessantly it pours,
And each succeeding day seems
bleaker,

The cricketer remains indoors,
And quaffs mayhap the warming
beaker.

Without, the scrummage heaves and
slips;

Not his to play the muddied oaf. A
Well-seasoned pipe between his lips,
He reads his *Wisden* on the sofa.

Or, if in vein for gentle toil,
Before he seeks a well-earned pillow,
He takes a flask of linseed oil

And tends his much-enduring willow,
Feeling the while, what time he drops
The luscious fluid by degrees on,
Given half-volleys and long-hops,
How nobly it will drive next season!

Then to his couch, to dream till day
Of fifties when the pitch was sticky,
Of bowling crisply "put away,"
Though it was manifestly tricky,
Of umpires, confident appeals,
Hot shots at point, mid-off, and cover,
Of cricket-lunches (perfect meals!):—
Such dreams attend the cricket-lover.

And, though the streets be deep in snow,
Though slippery pavements make him
stumble,
Though rain descends, though blizzards
blow,

It matters not: he scorns to grumble.
What if it lightens, thunders, hails,
And common men grow daily glummer,
In him contentment never fails;
To such a man it's always Summer.

"NOLO ARCHI-EPISCOPARI."—We have it on unimpeachable authority that the Roman Catholic Bishop of SOUTHWARK, on being informed of his appointment to the Archiepiscopal see of Westminster, exclaimed, "Ah, me! I would I had never been BOURNE!"



G. L. SCHEPP.

THE AGE OF REASON.

Effie. "MUMMY DEAR, OF COURSE UNCLE JACK IS COMING TO MEET US BY A CIRCLE TRAIN, ISN'T HE?"

Mamma. "No, Effie, he will walk here. Why do you say 'OF COURSE BY A CIRCLE TRAIN'?"

Effie. "Why, because Uncle Jack told us yesterday that he would come round to meet us at the station. So it must be a CIRCLE TRAIN, mustn't it, Mummy dear?"

A SHORT VACATION RAMBLE.

(How we discovered *Le Touquet*.)

WE had bound ourselves to arrive *chez Monsieur le Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES* on the evening before the great storm, of which an account has already been given in these vacation papers.

We were dinner-timed to descend at the charming *Villa de Sacaterra*, which at present serves Monsieur le Baron for temporary *logement*. The time is not far distant when the castle, which, I am informed, has been designed in the airy Spanish architectural style, shall dominate the *plage* of Paris (rather sounds like plaster of Paris) just as the *châteaux* of his ancestors in Spain, and in Scotland, have looked out over the Moors. At eight of the clock we, travelling companion and self, were to have arrived. I saw the scene in my mind's eye. Behold! The seneschal and lacqueys with flambeaux are in the hall to welcome us, the master himself, in court attire (as is his wont), is on the topmost step of the brilliantly lighted staircase, the portals are thrown wide open, fanfares sound and gongs clang, as at half-past eight, to the moment, a coachman in gorgeous livery reins in his steaming horses (four splendid Barbaries) before the grand gate of entry, and a courier in breathless haste, jumping down from the seat behind, rushes up the staircase, bends on one knee to his beloved master, as, in accents broken by excessive agitation, he announces, "Mon maître, très honoré, they ain't come!"

It was true. We hadn't.

Then the Baron requests his other guests to fall to. There were two of them invited. The flambeaux are extinguished, supernumerary servitors and *laquais d'occasion* are dismissed, the seneschal resumes his ordinary attire, as also does the Baron, and we, the long-expected, are still upon the road.

No matter how or why, suffice it to say that we had missed the station. We had heard only the shout of "*Paris-Plage*," unaware that the porters had commenced softly with "*Étaples*," rising to full blast with "*Paris-Plage*"; and so, when at last we did beamingly descend, and asked, as a mere matter of form, "*C'est Étaples, n'est-ce pas?*" we were not prepared for the answer, "*Non, Monsieur, c'est Montreuil.*"

A facer. You might have prostrated us with a gossamer.

One second's council of war and we had determined on our course of action.

Instead of waiting for the next train at 10 (it was now 7.45) we would drive. Aha! where there's a wagon there's a way, and *vice versa*. But—we must ascend to the town of Montreuil in order to procure the trap. Now Montreuil, as I remembered, is a town fortified by VAUBAN on the summit of an uncommonly steep hill, a situation considered by the aforesaid distinguished military engineer as impregnable, and, ahem, comparatively inaccessible. "*Courage, mon ami! Fils de S. Louis, up you go!*" That walk consisted of climbing a painfully steep hill, stumbling along over big slippery paving stones, with which on more than one occasion the tips of our noses were on the point of making close acquaintance. VAUBAN was right, Montreuil is difficult of approach. "*Excelsior! Excelsior!*"

No matter what we thought or what we said. When one traveller, who is the cause of all this anguish, penitently admits the fact, and loads himself with self-reproaches, and the bags, what can the companion do but pardon him, cheer him, console him? Then the repentant *voyageur*, relieved of the burden of his grief by his friend, and of the *impedimenta* by the *porteur* who carries them cheerfully, took heart of grace, and spoke in praise of the moon for shining out so brightly. The rattle-trap and its driver, when secured, caused merriment; the "going" was easy, rapid, and downhill; all the country lovely; old villages

picturesque; and so, as the clock sounded the hour of ten, we finished the last of our fifteen *kilomètres* in front of the *Hôtel du Touquet*.

Here the lights were being extinguished, "the last *sarabande* had been danced in the hall," and, as all were about to retire, the polite *maître d'hôtel* placed at our disposal a splendid officer of the establishment, a kind of colonel of *commissionnaires*, who most readily undertook to guide our *caleche* to the very door of the *Villa de Sacaterra*.

As we arrived, the Baron, who was speeding his parting guests, at once welcomed the coming ones most warmly.

No explanations necessary. Sound the trumpet, strike on the gong! Arouse ye then, my merry merry cooks, seneschals, butlers, scullions, *et tous les serviteurs fidèles*—and ere you can utter the name of the *genius loci*, "JACK ROBINSON NAPOLEON" (who, by the way, having "gone nap" at nine o'clock, was now in blissful ignorance of our arrival), there is on the table the first course of a supper fit for a king of *gourmets*. And not a word would our noble host allow us to speak until we had broken our fast!

Cher Baron, à votre santé! May we, companion and self, ever remember that most grateful meal, and your most hospitable welcome.

So we sat up late, and talked; told our travellers' tales, then retired to our delightful dormitories, where we soon fell

"Into that state of blissful sweet repose,
That innocence and virtue only knows;"

and the next morning, it being sunny, bright, and spring-like, we arose early, and accepted our host's invitation to stroll over the "*domaine*" of *Le Touquet*, view its present state, and note its possibilities.

La Villa de Sacaterra, of which a *Contessa* (the lady is partly French, partly Italian) is the *propriétaire*, is by daylight a perfect little *châlet* in the valley, or rather, right on to the sands.

Le Touquet? What this name means I have not the faintest idea. Nor has JACK ROBINSON NAPOLEON. *Touquet* is just suggestive of "*Toupet*." *Hé bien! "il a du Toupet!"* — we all know what that means, and, mind you, it required this moral force, in its very best sense, on the part of ROBINSON NAPOLEON to carry through a big scheme, which, so far as it has been realised, is beyond expectation, successful.

Le Touquet is at the present moment concentrated in its central hotel, charmingly situated in the forest, within fifteen minutes' walk of the sea, and never out of reach of the sands (which is a blessing for health in all varieties of weather), and it is so gifted by nature, and so provided for and improved by Robinsonian-Napoleonic art and pluck, that there is, if not everything, at least as much as any ordinary English bather, golfer, lawn-tennis player, and "sportman" or "sportswoman" can desire.

A more enjoyable *déjeuner à la fourchette à midi* I do not wish for than that served under the broad spreading verandah of the Forest Hotel (this ought to be its name, as distinguished from the hotel that is to be "*sur le plage*") on this lovely morning in September of which I speak. *Comme chante le poète* (kept tame on the premises) *Thomas Toqué du Touquet*:

"À l'hiver de la mois de Mai
Nous dansons sur le plage.
Pour ce soir serons-nous gais,
Pour ce soir serons-nous gais (*bis*),
Demain soyons-nous sages!"

Wonders have happened since first I—*moi qui parle*—saw this place. Then (was it three years ago?) it was an old *château* with a rugged forest around it and no future before it. Now, thanks to JOHN ROBINSON NAPOLEON CRUSOE, aided by trusty friends and advisers, of whom genial FRANK ROCKEM and Baron HAMISH are the representatives, it is a

first-rate hotel, with annexes, stables, plenty of baths, and a fine lawn-tennis ground, to which the matches attract residents and visitors for miles around. Neighbouring friendly Paris-Plage sends troops of friends for tennis; while for those who do not play games, but who come to be amused, there are concerts, *petits chevaux* (not put prominently forward, but there they are), and, above all, children's playgrounds where "*nos enfants*" enjoy themselves (as I see they do) by the hour, while their *bonnes* are knitting or nodding, and the parents and guardians are engaged in tennis close at hand, or vigorously striding o'er the golf links just a couple of miles distant.

But, *mes amis*, the air! Here old *Faust* need make no compact with *Mephisto*; he will be young again in twenty-four hours. It is simply perfect, for spring and summer. It is life-giving. Ah! "there's air!" It would be difficult to decide off-hand as to its excellence as a "Winter resort." That remains to be seen.

The *forêt* offers endless picturesque rambles; the river Canche, within easy distance, good fishing; and the sands, for bathing, are just perfect. But as a collection of *châlets*, *châteaux*, that is as a French Birchington or Westgate-on-Sea, and as regards *maisons et maisonettes*, Le Touquet as yet n'existe point. Its *châlets* are all *en l'air*; its *châteaux* are *châteaux d'Espagne*. "Mais ça commence," as J. R. NAP observes, and already conspirators are making their plots and selecting choice sites with splendid views.

The road from Étaples to Le Touquet Woods is as good as any you might find in the country—and in France, where roads are good they are "werry werry good," *et au contraire*—but when the traveller has once passed the hotel and is well "out of the wood," then, as Le Touquet possesses neither *mairie* nor municipality, as there are no town councillors, and (O blissful sound!) *no rates and taxes*, in fact as Le Touquet is only a name, without a local habitation in it, save the one already described in the *forêt*, the roads, such as they are, have just been left to make themselves, one at a time, at the expense of anybody happening to require one. As specimens of fancy work these roads are a credit to the amateur navvies.

Baron HAMISH selects a likely spot in the Wood with a sea view, and JACK ROBINSON NAP says to me heartily, "Here's the very place for you to build a *châlet*. This is the site. Take it!"

Were I a millowner or a millionaire, or even a bit of one, to whom time (and its equivalent) was no object, I would seize the chance, but as it is I can only meet the proposition by regretfully "taking a site" (spelt in another way) at the proposition, which in action, familiar to the most youthful board-school boy, is expressed by the pantomime of the sacristan in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, who

"Spake no word of doubt,

But put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

Not for me are the joys of the landed and sanded proprietor. Enough to know of the existence of a new place, easy of access, and presenting to the tired Englishman so complete a change as does this Le Touquet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Mettle of the Pasture (MACMILLAN) is the title of JAMES LANE ALLEN's last novel, and is almost the only unsatisfactory thing about it. Mr. ALLEN feels it necessary, or at least desirable, to explain that it is a quotation from SHAKSPEARE, which is undeniable though not vindictory. For the rest the story is excellent, instinct with character, breezy with the atmosphere of wholesome, fresh Kentucky. Charming are the old-fashioned homes described, and lovable some of the people, notably *Judge Morris* and his old love, who in years gone by gave him up at some breath of scandal. One

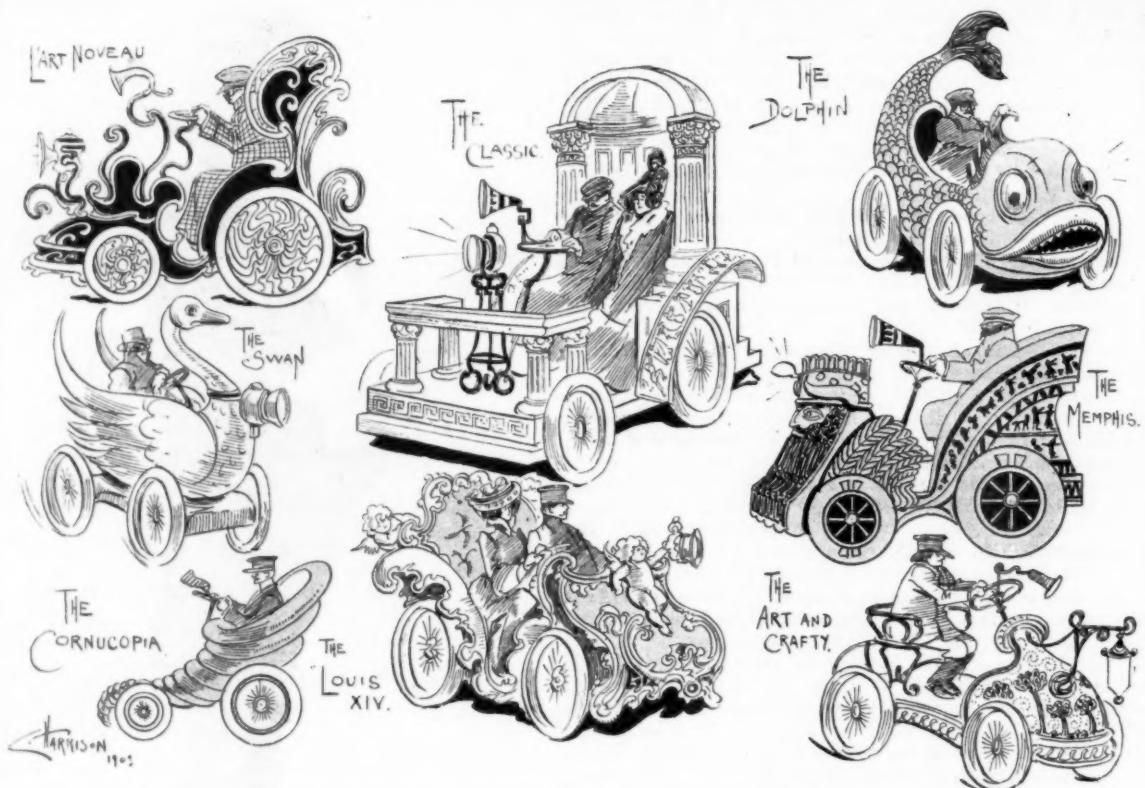


Professor JAWOHL obliges in English:

"OO DRIES TO GATCH ME GATCHES BUT AIR!"

day, when the shades of afternoon were closing over the old Judge, Mrs. MEREDITH visited him at his office and told him how the great sorrow in her life had been the wrong she had done him. "If you had married me," he said, looking at her with brimming eyes, "I'd have been a great man. I was not great enough to be great without you." This life story is told with exquisite simplicity in a page, though it contains material for the old-fashioned three-volume novel. It is but an episode in the tragedy of *Rouan* and *Isabel*, separated on the eve of marriage by another scandal, homing with seared hearts in later life. To my Baronite the tale opens up pleasing knowledge of a race apart—high-souled men and noble women living in far-off Kentucky.

In the *Pall Mall Magazine* this month, October, Mr. HALKETT gives us two really excellent specimens in colour of PHIL MAY's art, as well as several in black and white, all showing the hand of the master so recently and at so early an age taken from us. Mr. HALKETT's article is one of the very best, nay, the Baron may honestly say, the very best, of all those he has had the opportunity of reading on this subject. Apart from this special article the number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is as interesting as it is entertaining, and among the series the Baron would single out the one



SOME DESIGNS WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

[Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A., aesthetically appealed to motor-car manufacturers to produce something more beautiful than the existing monstrosities.—*Daily Telegraph*.]

by JOHN OLIVER HOBES; "Priscilla's Maying," by U. L. SILBERRAD; and an amusing adventure in the swindling line by a young writer whom the Baron is glad to recognise in such excellent company.

Alarums and Excursions (METHUEN) comprises a series of stirring stories set in the good old times of GEORGE THE FIRST. The period is marked not less by periwig, swords, card-playing, hard-drinking and duelling than by the reiteration of certain phrases. One is "Damme," another "Rip me!" a third "Slife," and, most reiterated, "Stap me!" These are peppered about the conversation, giving glowing local colour. Of the eight stories my Baronite prefers the shorter ones, the form being more suited to Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON'S vivid style. "The Tavern on the Moor" is equal in dramatic interest to its alluring title. "The Squire's Wager" was arranged at BROOKS'S, at the time when CHARLES JAMES FOX used to spend his night gambling. It is improbable in these prosaic days. But Mr. WATSON would possibly be able to reply to this objection that it is founded upon an actual wager recorded in the historic book of another highly respectable Club of contemporaneous fame.

Should anybody during vacation-time (now, alas! drawing to a close) require a thoroughly absorbing story, well and nervously written, by an author who can deftly use sensationalism to his purpose without forcing it for a mere effect, and who can also depict the character of a strong man, as honest as determined, in love with a sweet woman, whose

isolation has made her proud and her position suspicious, let such an one set himself down to the perusal of *His Master Purpose*, by HAROLD BINDLOSS (JOHN LONG), and the Baron will warrant him amusement, excitement, and general contentment. The plot is that of a first-rate melodrama, the scene being laid amid the grand and wild scenery of British Columbia. Nor are there wanting some roughly humorous as well as good light comedy touches, deftly introduced, which, though apparently accessories, are yet essential to the plot. The natural pathos which the author unexpectedly puts into the apparently farcical character of a certain Mrs. Savine is an instance in point, as, through her action, the author arrives at a satisfactory *dénouement*. The scenic descriptions are picturesque and never wearisome, while no attempt at merely fine writing delays the dramatic action for a single second. Most decidedly *His Master Purpose* is a book strongly recommended by the faculty in the person of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

News from a Moore.

[Last week Mr. GEORGE MOORE wrote to the *Irish Times* announcing that "on learning that the R. C. Archbishop of DUBLIN had attended the KING'S LEVEE" he "had decided to leave the Church of Rome and become a Protestant."]

No Pope henceforth GEORGE MOORE may bless;
Shall we the fact deplore,
If Catholics have got one less,
And Protestants one MOORE?